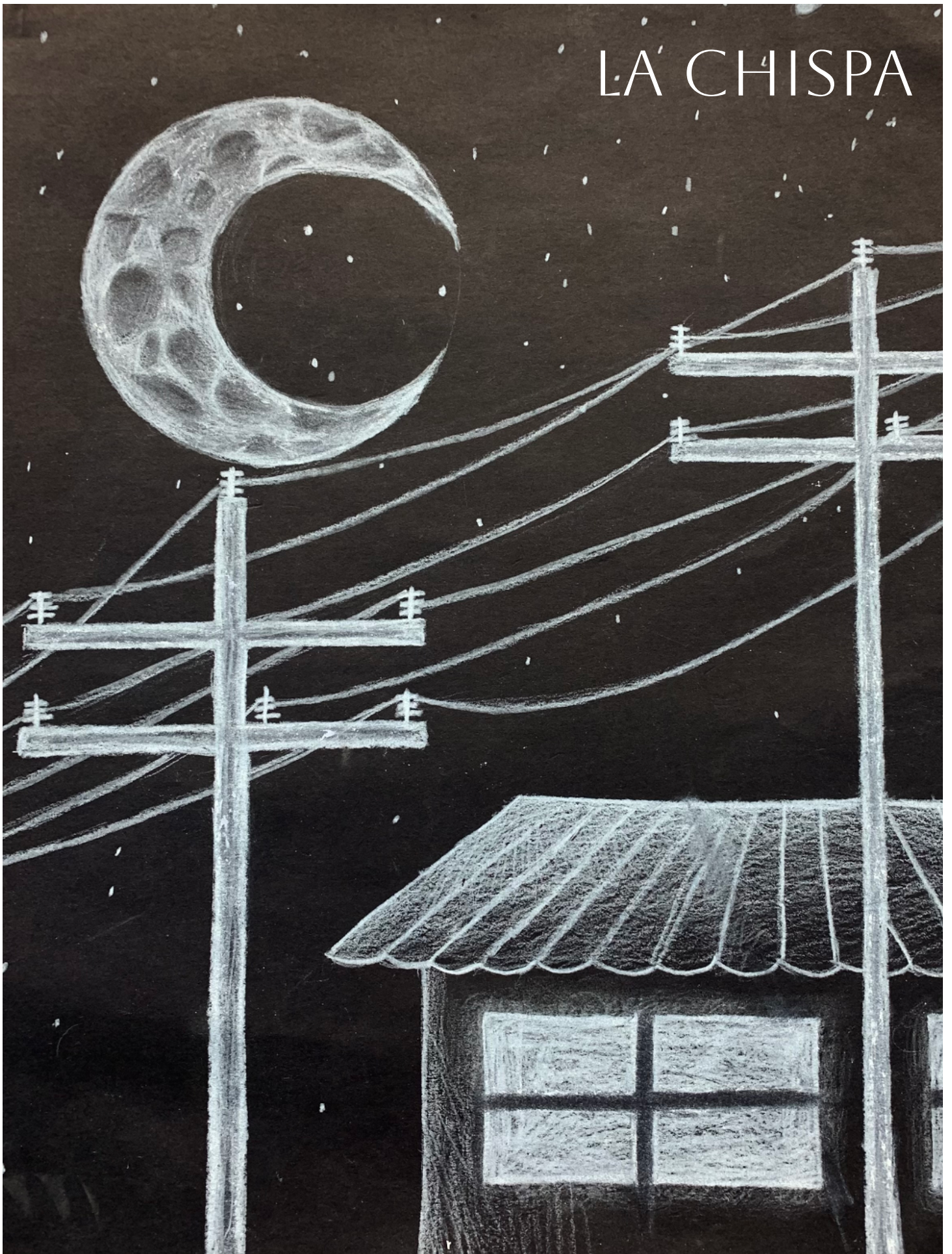


LA CHISPA



La Chispa 2023-2024

Staff

Liam Andrews	Izzy Fernandez
Ridgly Anzalone	Finnian Forsyth
Sandro Bazan	Ava Garcia-Wesley
Liam Bazan	Katya Ivanchov
Shannon Busse	Jayden Kopacz
Lincoln Caldes	Miri Kuenzler
Olivia Maria Chavez	Love Laing Chavez
Sterling Cook	Ashley Rose
Analisa Durán	Ryder Tregembo

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Delaney Stroud

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Brian Tregembo
Jenny Wheeler

Special Thanks

Sandia Prep Marketing Department
Sandia Prep IT Department
Sandia Prep Visual Arts Department
Sandia Prep Digital Media and Communications Department

La Chispa Playlist

If you have Spotify, click the link below to listen to a curated playlist while you flip (or scroll) through this year's edition.

[2024 La Chispa Spotify Playlist](#)

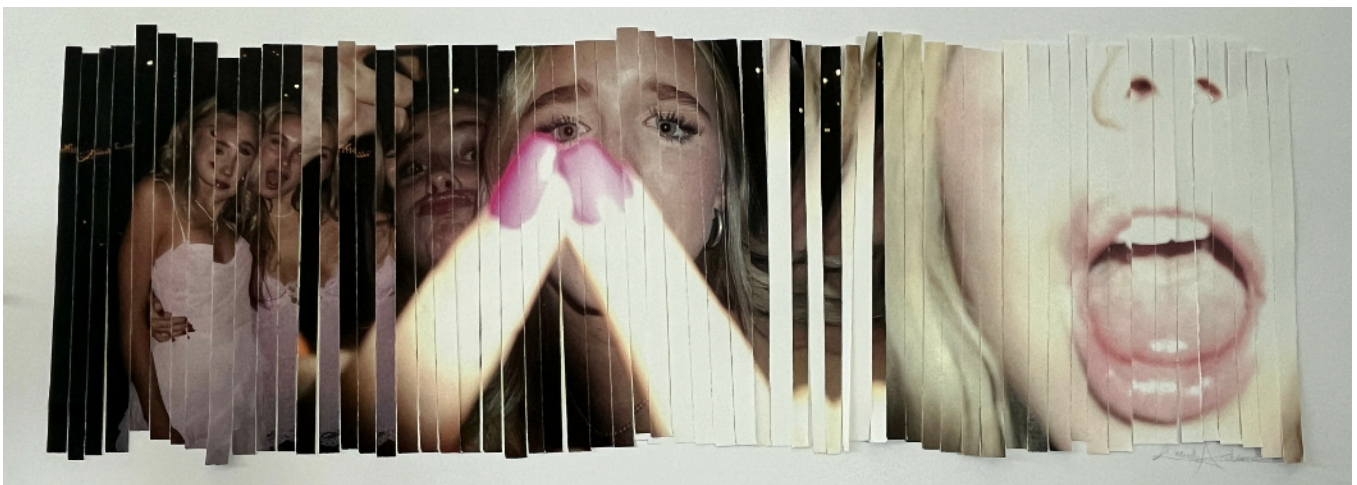


- Shannon Busse

"Digital Love"

I can pour my soul into a text message
I can talk to you for hours on a call
I can send you pictures and videos so you can see my face
But it still isn't quite the real me
Everything seems just short of reality in this digital space
Like no matter how much I put into it
It will strip away my humanity and turn me into a mere
shell of myself
There is also no way to prove it's truly me
Anyone can assume whatever identity they want when they
can hide behind a thin sheet of glass
My digital individuality is never safe
You can never love me for all that I am when you can only
see so little of me
Digital love is fake
So no matter the capabilities technology has granted me
It will never be the same as having you by my side
Through the tough times
Through the great times
Your presence can not be replaced
Certainly not by pixels on a screen

-Liam Andrews



-London Ackerman





JANE
Avril

H. Stern, Paris.



"What Lies in the Dark"

no matter the villain
no matter the method,
certain death might creep close by
hiding around corners
and crawling 'round your feet
while you wait for your fate that is nigh

whether it's eight legs
or a countless many
the shadows might hold the nests of your foes
and with each step
you wait afraid
of what might be squirming beneath your toes

maybe it's laughing
or a little doll's whisper
but the sound of puppets may fill the void
and when your eyes cannot help you
and your mind is set free
you'll find your sanity playfully destroyed

whether it's stifling panic
or thick black blood
your legs will give out in their tread
the murky darkness
might feel like water
and you'll find yourself drowning in dread

but what's worse than the vastness
or the absence of form
is when the tenebrous gloom starts to cave in
your cries echo off walls
as your strides start a beat
and you curl up tight in your coffin

the essence of darkness
may just be solitude
the feeling of floundering in your own inner
war
you are a moon
in a world with no sun
and your pitch-black heart sinks to the floor

couldn't one say
that the fear of the dark
is the ultimate fear?
for what lies in the dark
can take the form
of whatever you hope won't come near

-Rylie Alison

"How Much I Love You"

"Will you be my valentine? Yes of course!"

This exists somewhere where no one, not even I will see it.

I always say I wish this would happen.

However, my feelings for you are so strong I can only imagine this happening.

If this were to ever happen in reality, I wouldn't be able to picture what to say.

I love you so much that being near you...makes me

want to leave.

I love you so much that making eye contact with you... makes me

want to look away.

I love you so much that listening to someone talk about you...

makes me want to leave the conversation.

My love for you is so strong I can't bring myself to think about you.

It is because of these feelings that I hope you will never ask me,

"Will you be my valentine?"

-Fiona Andrews



-Olivia Hanosh



-Kat Fellabaum

"The Only Valentines I Need"

I need a valentine.

It seems no one wants me.

These are the thoughts that go through my head on

Valentine's day.

I think this until I see them.

The two friends who will stand with me come hell or

high water.

In my times of loneliness and deepest depression,

they are the ones standing by me.

When I am alone and feeling useless, they are the

ones to reassure me.

When I am on the ground, cold, and hurt, they are the

ones to pick me up.

Thank you for all you do.

"Won't you be my Valentine?"

-Fiona Andrews



-Miri Kuenzler

"¿Por mí o por ti?"

¿Que no te habia dado?
Ese no fue el cierre que merecia.
Eso no fue entender.
¿Encontraras realmente otro amor,
O encontrarás lujuria?
¿Que te habia dado;
Pero todo lo que pensabas que tenía?
Pero no, no fue todo.
¿Te duele ahora que te fuiste?
¿Me extrañas?
Tu sabes quien eres.
¿Sientes pena;
Por mí o por ti?
-Finn Forsyth

"For me or for you?"

What haven't I given you?
That was not the closure I deserved.
That was not understanding.
Will you really find another love,
Or will you find lust?
What have I given you;
But everything you thought I had?
But no, it wasn't all.
Does it hurt now that you're gone?
Do you miss me?
You know who you are.
Do you feel sorry;
For me or for you?
-Finn Forsyth





Anxiety blooms
Dark petals wrapped around my
Normally bright day
-Brian Tregembo

You tell me strange things
Words don't determine how time
Slows down in the night
-Lucy Tyroler

The sky is so blue
The new season is here now
Gone is the winter
-Noah Rendon

Leaves turn red and orange
Falling away from the trees
The world feels peaceful
-Violet Hamilton

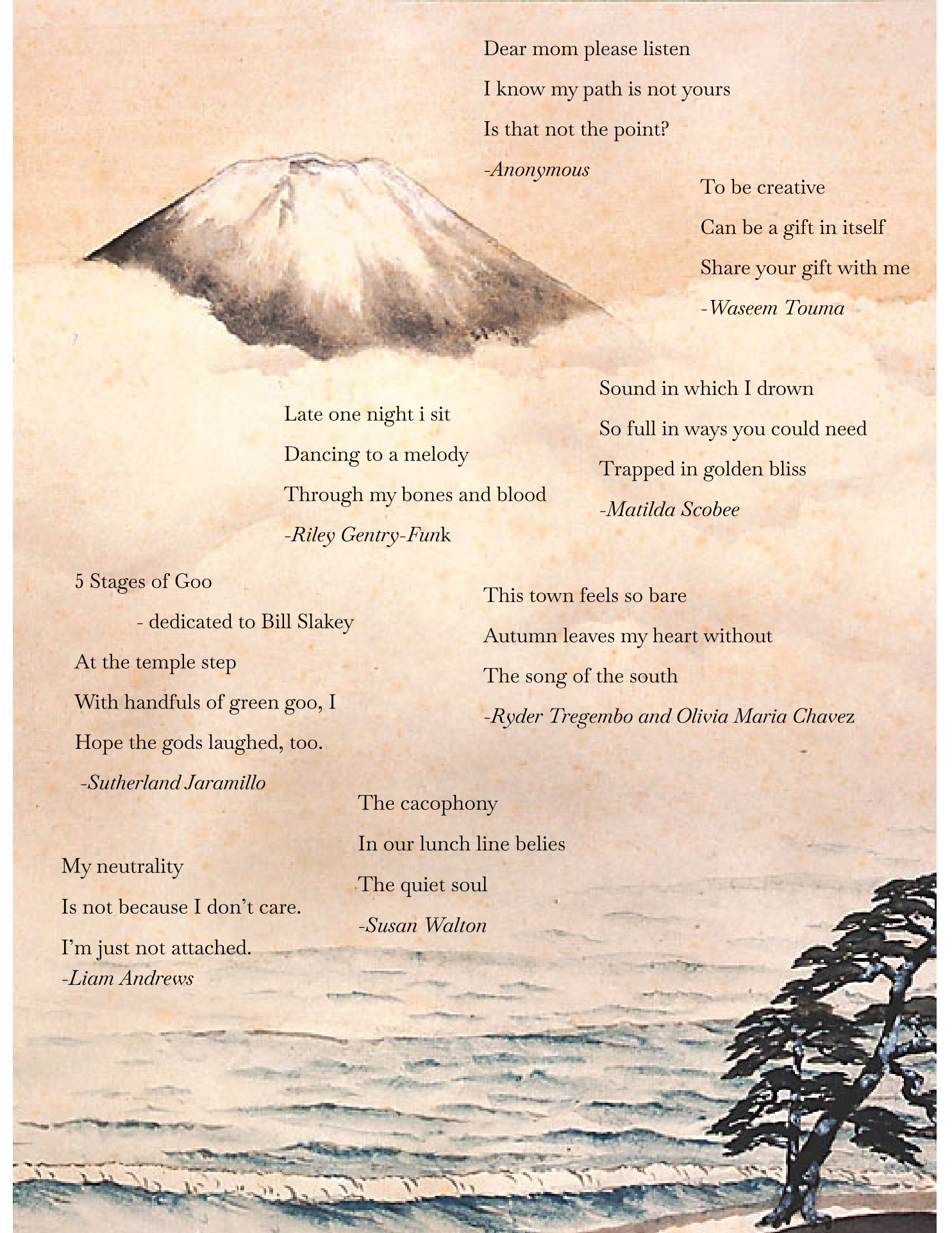
The way he looks at
Me reminds me of the sun...
I prefer the night.
-Rylie Elison

The words bubble out
Flowing into my face
Like the soft warm sun
-Miri Kuenzler

For Ms. Jaramillo:
Lost in the Subway
Where is our intrepid guide?
Wrangling the speedsters . .
.-Bill Slakey

Suffocating type
Of helping others breathing
Til nothing left stands
-Victoria White





Dear mom please listen
I know my path is not yours
Is that not the point?

-Anonymous

To be creative
Can be a gift in itself
Share your gift with me

-Waseem Touma

Late one night i sit
Dancing to a melody
Through my bones and blood

-Riley Gentry-Funk

Sound in which I drown
So full in ways you could need
Trapped in golden bliss

-Matilda Scobee

5 Stages of Goo

- dedicated to Bill Slakey

At the temple step
With handfuls of green goo, I
Hope the gods laughed, too.

-Sutherland Jaramillo

This town feels so bare
Autumn leaves my heart without
The song of the south

-Ryder Tregembo and Olivia Maria Chavez

My neutrality
Is not because I don't care.
I'm just not attached.

-Liam Andrews

The cacophony
In our lunch line belies
The quiet soul

-Susan Walton

"Anthropophobia"

I have anthropophobia, a fear of people.

It seems silly, considering I am a person,

But aren't all fears a product of humanity?

Death happens to all of us,

Yet we dread any moment where it could happen.

Some of the scariest monsters are mummies, zombies, and skeletons;

All forms of the human body.

What is truly terrifying are the atrocities that people can commit as they so please.

Some of the worst things to ever happen on this planet

Are all a product of the evils of people.

People have the power to cause death and put people up against true monsters.

The ugly thoughts that lurk in the shadows of our mind and come out during the darkest times

Could only be fabricated by a human mind.

I fear those with evil intentions may cause great suffering.

I am afraid that the most twisted among us may decide to harm me next.

I dread the appearance of dark thoughts that I was born with the ability to create.

Humanity is more terrifying than anything else on the planet.

-Liam Andrews



-Emily Oyler-Vargas

"The Crow"

The leaves
change
every year

so why should it stop now?

the songbird is tired,
tired of always soaring and
on the move, when the
weather is different

the bird dreams of a place to rest



-Ivor Taylor

"change is good"
but, some creatures don't realize
that they are the
lucky ones

sometimes the change
is nuanced
but it's still there

sometimes the crow
adapts and becomes a
mighty eagle

that is what the crow
has to do

no one
can change that.

-Analisa Durán



- Luna Torrez

When leaves change colors
Make sure to check beneath them
Bright crimson colors

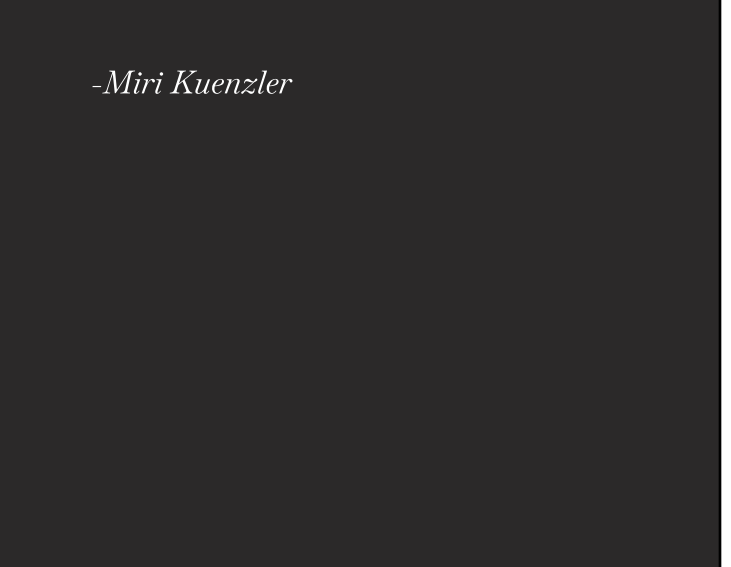
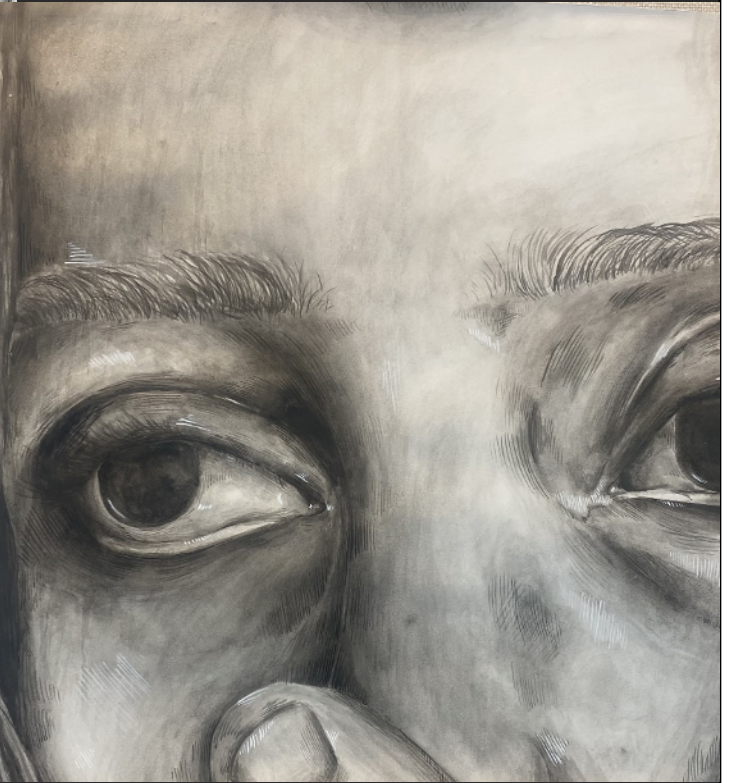
Spooky thoughts crawl in
Not about monsters or death
But worry and stress

Within one season
The scary things are confined
Don't let them stay long

Creepy crawly claws
Whimpering I wonder once
To fear or be feared

Good versus evil
Used to only be stories
Now it's imminent

-Cedar McCall



-Miri Kuenzler

My mind flashes back to the explosion
Its forever looming effect hangs like a mistletoe

You insisted on going into the city

Your last decision

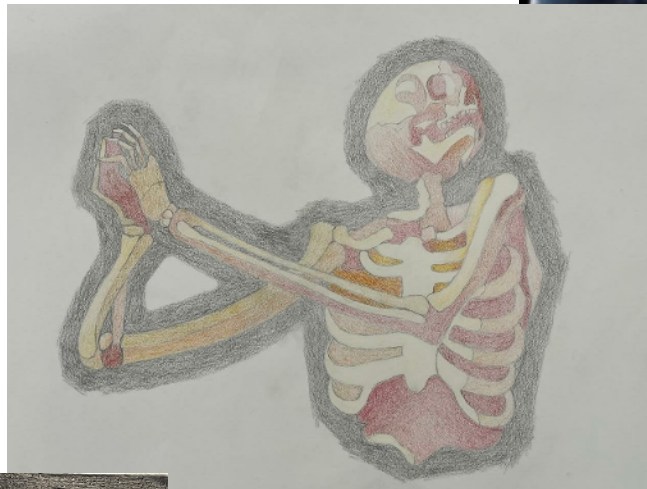
But now my eyes leak acid rain on the pillow where you used to
lay your head

I must now stay here in this concrete prison under the
decimated surface

-Cyrus Walker



-Taylor Calkins



-Ridgly Anzalone



-Aelyn Gatsch

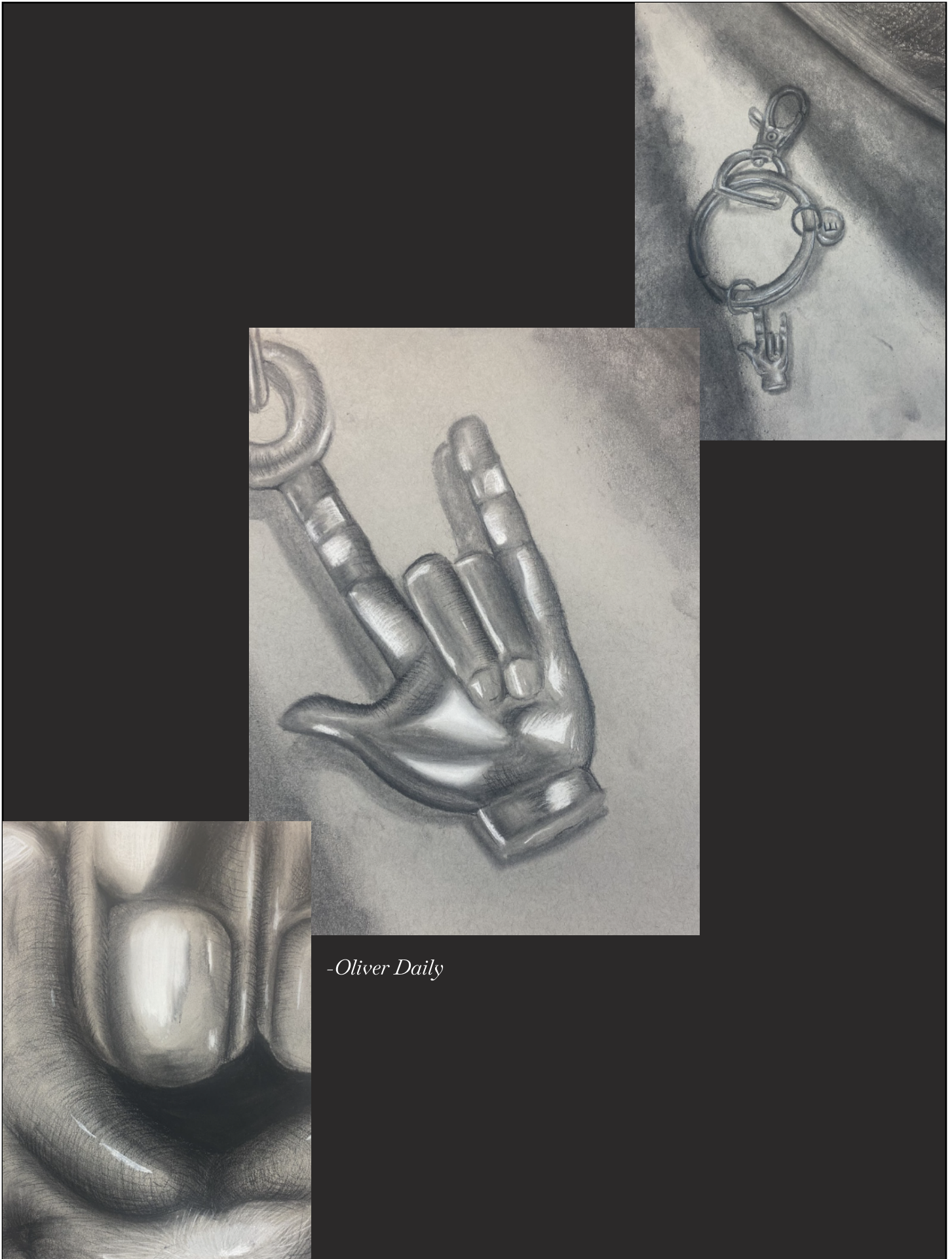
I used to be quiet and submissive
I gave them all they asked
I was a queen but used as a servant
Until I finally fought back
I grew claws and teeth
And spit fire
I looked around in a blood-soaked gown
And I saw something they can't take away

-Olivia Hanosh

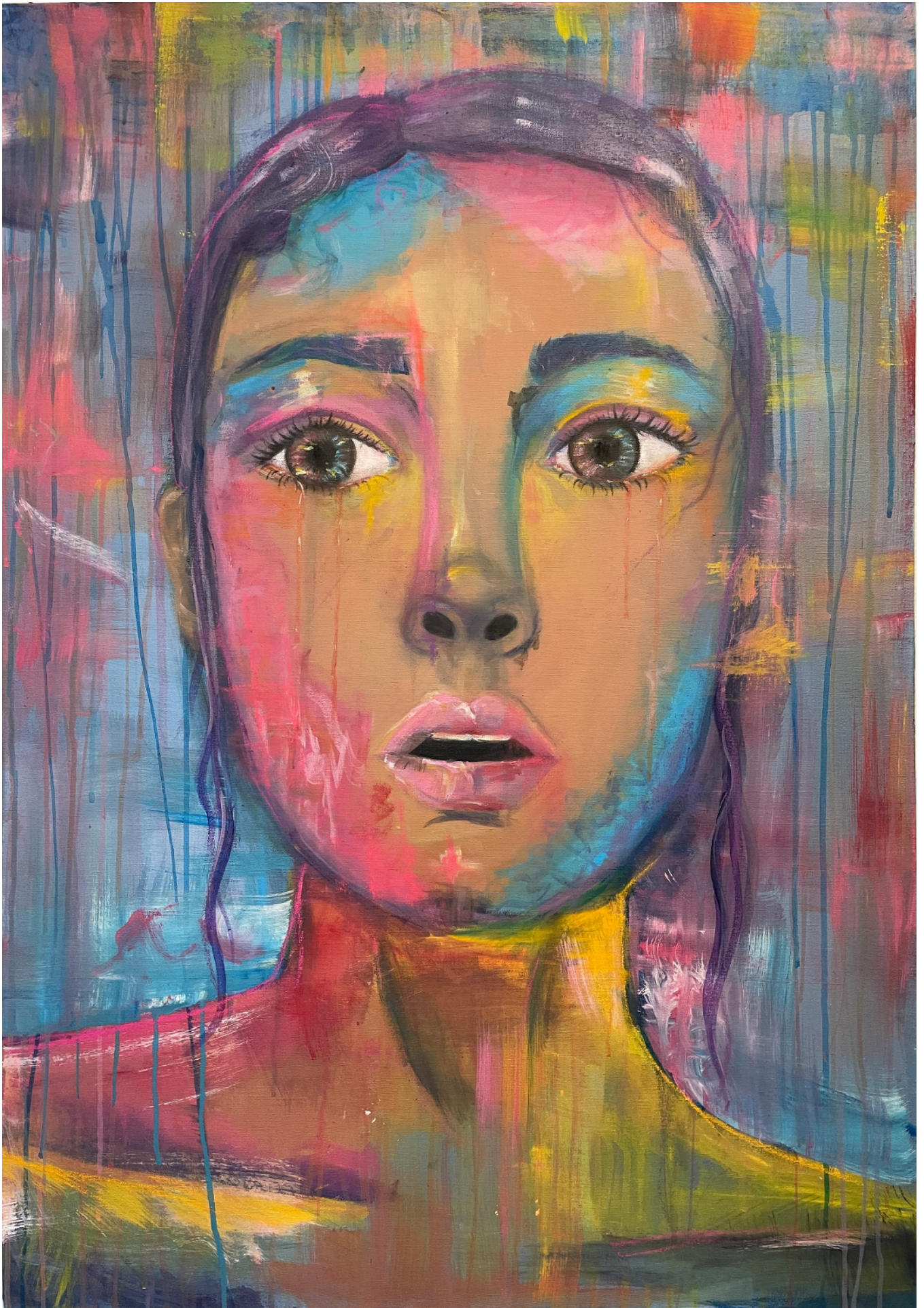


-Bryana Lujan





-Oliver Daily



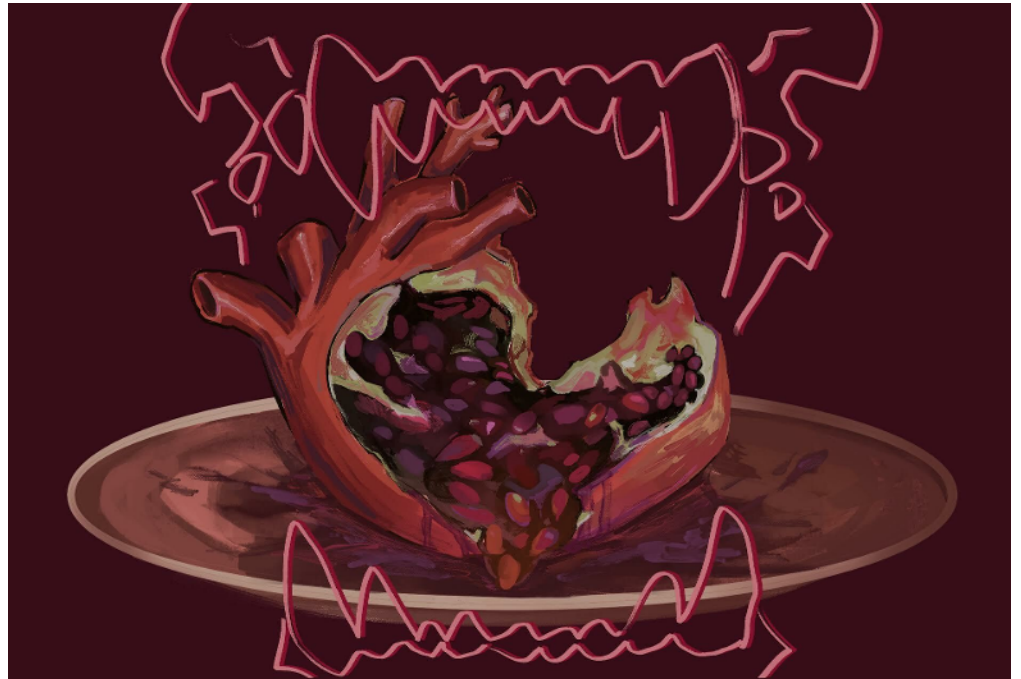
"Pride"

Seeing world through glass poems
That one tempered glass
Tinged yellow from the streaks of sunlight
The gold rays rest on my back
But most poems release poems
Ideas that the world could never be
That the glass that the world is standing on
Is shattering
And people one following down
Down
Down
Into nothing



-Penny Hashagen

Once the glass broke so we exchanged it for the next best thing
Plastic
It can carry
The weight of one
One's burdened down life
One's tear drops heavy like
Rain falling from the sky
Hold On!



Hold On!
Yet plastic can't carry
Two lovers
Hands must break
As plastic splinters
Your love

-Ashley Rose

"Hold your hand through plastic now, do I think she's crashing out"
So one by one we shatter glass, and splinter plastic as we part
With everyday that pass me by we wonder what could be strong enough to hold our pride

-Anonymous

"la independencia de (puerto rico)"

Sutherland Jaramillo's students translated a poem written by Roque Salas Rivera, an award-winning Puerto Rican poet. Each stanza has been translated by Spanish 3 students, and their names appear after their work. Below is the translation completed by Session 8 students.

**we are more fierce than the snow melts
(Their love for each other is burning);
we are bigger than the cemetery of cars
(Puerto Rico is treated bad);
we are more enraged than the winds
blocks
(Puerto Rico is treated bad);
we are more immense than the rivers in
the sea
(How intertwined they are);
we are more broad than worn out
tyrants
(There's more to them than what other
people determine);
we are more tender than the roots of the
land
(Roots of the land are holding their love
together);
we are more tender than the rain in the
moss
(They hold each other together like
moss holds rain);
we are more tender than the trembling
shower
(So sensitive they don't feel the cold
shower);
we are more strong than the years
bundled together
(Been through a lot together);**

**(Adalyn Thompson, Ryan Williams,
Maddox Rios-Bruner)**

**we are more ferocious than the pain
that will come our way;
we are more beautiful than the
universal monarchs;
we are closer together than what
people dream to be;
we have something that nobody can
take from us;
we are more like pirates than the
federal government;
we are more avenging than those
armed soldiers;
we are better than the minimum
we are better than what's best.
we don't need someone else to run
our country.**

(Sasha Hanson, Ella Park)

we should owe no one shame.

**we shouldn't owe feeling small to
anyone.**

**for all we wish a life of peace
and 5x what we are**

**the smaller place of the bigger
country,**

**we have the big heart despite our
small size**

**we are much more of what is
considered a lot,**

**more of what has been said,
more of what has been imagined
more of what there is today
even more than what we have
imagined.**

(Vivian Roman, Mary Otero)

**we wield the knowledge of our home
we've lost the core to our history.**

we are tied down to the Earth

**by the serpents that change our skin,
punishment. (foreigners)
for a ribbon to measure the globe,
to know if the world can
spread open your heart.**

(Peter Archuleta, Ryder Tregembo)

**we are the calculations that traced
today and hits the bottom.**

**we are the protectors of [and without]
the Spanish,
the cage where the old empire expired
where before they kept crusaders.**

(Kindell Custer, Nawal Qureshi)

**to be dead, is to say,
that the death in the trenches
is caused by the government.
they are arrogant in the coast
and humble in the mountains.**

**for these, we farm coffee and replant
in the buildings that we build
to take care of the kids,
the rising concerns
that we complete**

(Auggie Miller, Ashadu Ball)

**and we are independent in
everything,
even in this place colonized by
porous fear;
even in the bakery filled with
newspaper announcements;
even during the corrosive act of
saying that we are only an island;
even this was done to make us look
at each other like people,
joining like blocks of cement,
supplying the neighbors'
warehouses,
despite the distance, we have helped
each other,
we arrive at the post office
and send cans and batteries.**

(Lucy Tyroler, Hannah Leng)

**don't be afraid of what you already
know.
while we take away the fear
strangers rob us.
what does it take
to be beautiful?**

**(Connor Smith, Maddox
Rios-Bruner)**



-Nora Clark-Slakey

"Ricardo and His Eternal Yearning"

EXT. PARK - DAY

We begin in the middle of their conversation watching two down on their luck schmucks, RICARDO and AMIR, walk.

RICARDO

I may have to kill this man.

AMIR

Yeah, that sounds reasonable.

RICARDO

I mean, look, he walks to Gertrude with his chiseled jaw line and stupid 4.0 GPA, and then I don't stand a chance.

AMIR

Sure, you d-

RICARDO

Shut the hell up, Amir. I mean, what do I even have?

AMIR

Ricardo, look, you got, uh-hh you got a good personality.

RICARDO

Keep your pity away from me. I have nothing, absolutely nothing. And I'm comfortable with nothing; I love the nothing!

AMIR

Well, then why complain?

They pause.

RICARDO

Ah Shut up, Amir. Y'know what he has?

AMIR

A chiseled jaw line and a 4.0 GPA?

RICARDO

No—I mean yes—but what I'm trying to say is that he has everything. Absolutely everything, and I have nothing. Y'know what I have over him.

AMIR

Hmm?

RICARDO

Love. I've loved this girl my entire pathetic life.

AMIR

You've known her for like a week, man.

RICARDO

Longer than that!

(Ricardo crosses his arms)

A month! That's like .5% of my life. Which is, in fact, a lot.

AMIR

Yeah, if you're 59.

Ricardo sighs deeply.

AMIR (CONT'D)

O.K. man. Why do you even like her so much?

RICARDO

Ohhhh boy, don't even get me started; we'll be here for weeks.

AMIR

Nah, for real, though, why?

RICARDO

We're like Romeo and Juliet, Pagliacci and Nedda, Kanye and Kim. Y'know like power couples.

AMIR

None of those relationships lasted.

RICARDO

Shut up, man. I'm not gonna take crap from a white guy named Amir.

AMIR

I've told you why my parents chose that name.

AMIR (CONT'D)

My dad's good ol' pal,
Amir, died right before
I was born.

RICARDO

Your dad's loser friend died,
blah blah blah.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Why you gotta be so rude?

RICARDO

I dunno. I'm sorry.

AMIR

It's fine.

RICARDO

I love you, Amir.

AMIR

Alright man.

RICARDO

You know who doesn't love me?

Ricardo falls to his knees.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

Gertrude.

AMIR

Oy vey.

RICARDO

GERTRUUUUUUUDE!

AMIR

Get yourself together.

RICARDO

I can't; she doesn't love me. I'm
(starts choking up)
unlovable.

AMIR

Look, Ricardo, I know you probably
qualify as an incel, and you still
listen to Kanye.

(Amir shakes his head.)

But you're still a decent guy at
the end of the day. And any girl—
well, maybe not any girl, certainly
not Ayo Edebiri, or somebody cool—
but any girl would be very happy to
go on a date with you.

Ricardo gets up and dusts himself off.

RICARDO

Shut the hell up, Amir.

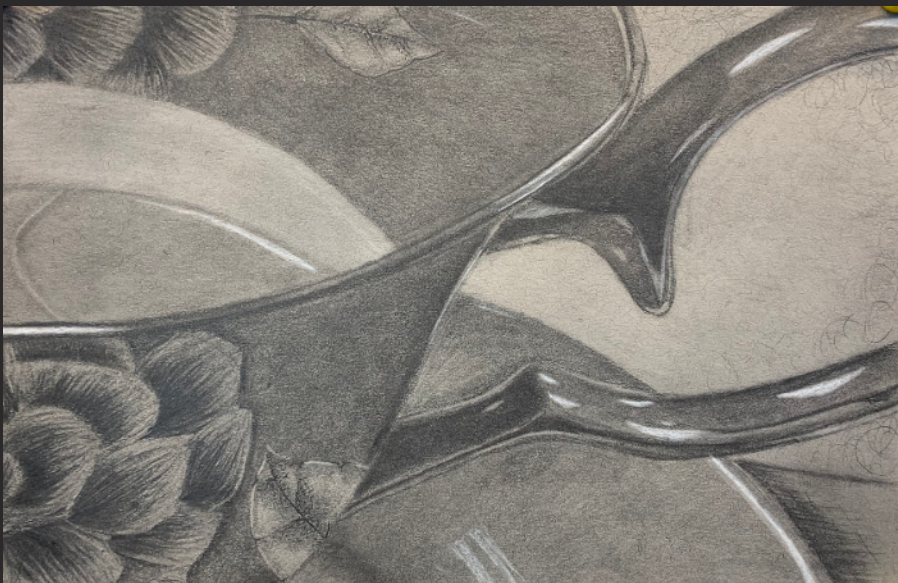
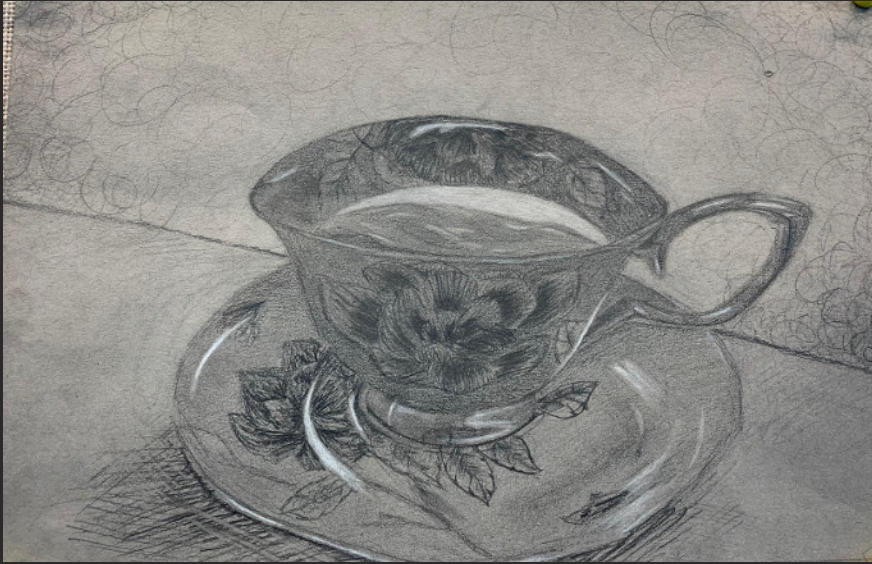
-Sandro and Liam Bazan



-Augustine Jackson-Miller



-Cyrus Walker



-Olivia Maria Chavez



-Kassia Ohlsen

The sky is clear in this first year as a Sundevil. Each Spirit Week the sun is slowly obscured. Eventually, there is no ray of light on the horizon. 25 seasons of change bring hope that the clouds continue faster now to once again bring a bright new day.

-Anonymous

Your hand fits in my own,
and I feel my heart flutter
Your breathing starts to slow,
and my speech starts to stutter

You ask how I got here and where's the window lock
You gasp when I sneak you a kiss and it leaves you in shock
I confess my feelings to you while you begin to cry in fright
I smile, blow you a kiss, then duck away into the night

-Katya Ivanchov

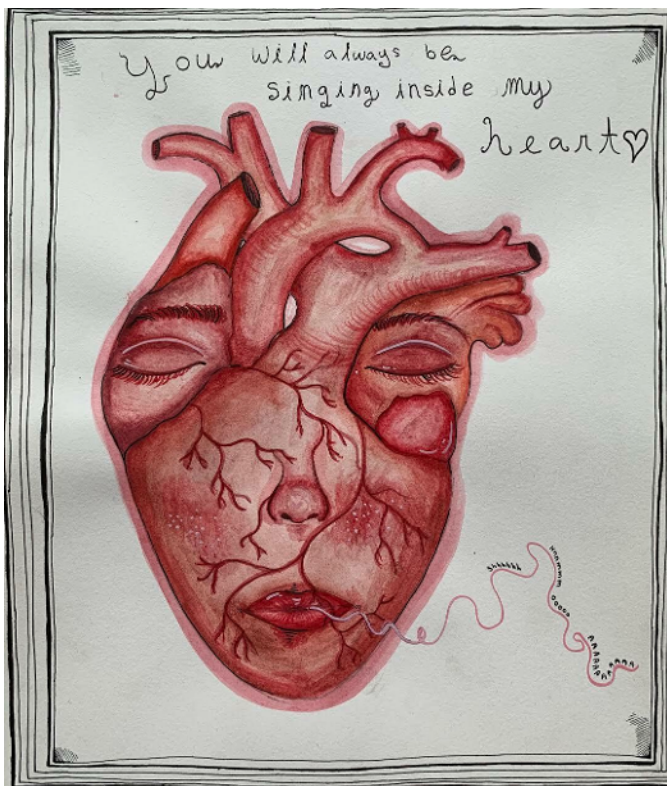


-Kendra Sandoval

"Gift Shopping"

Valentines Day, say
Was that, that one day?
For poetry and flowers
Without all the rain showers
So then I thought, maybe
A gift to you from me
But what on earth should I get?
A storekeeper that I met
She was very kind and goes
"Nothing sweeter than a rose!"
So I've chosen, roses in fact
With all the sweetness that I lacked
I return home, what do I see?
You've bought the same rose for me!
We laugh and laugh and then say
"What a great Valentines Day!"

-Lana McCabe



-Miri Kuenzler



-Amanda Urdaneta

I want to feel your heart beating
You lying in bed next to me
My head on your chest
Hearing the soft tha-thunk-tha-thunk-tha-thunk
Against my ear
I want to listen to you breathe
The soft up and down
Taking my head with you
I want to I want to find my sharpest knife
Make it quick and painless
Because I love you so much
I want to pull open your ribs
Dig my hands in
Hear the satisfying crack
I want to watch and your lungs slowly grind to a halt
Knowing every last breath was filled with admiration
For me, your creator
And now your destroyer
I want to feel your heart beating
As I hold it in my hand
Waiting for the blood to stop flowing
Now and forever
You are the only one for me

-Mo Moya



-Delaney Stroud

I believed it when you said it
 We could live forever
 I truly thought you meant it
 I was all you could ever hope for
 Finally I hear their cries
 Their warnings of betrayal
 Now I wonder why
 It took me so long
 To find out
 Forever is the sweetest con.

-Olivia Hanosh

You mock my beauty,
 though it comes from within
 There is no truth
 And you've labeled my soul a sin
 you think I'm not a goddess? Try me
 I'll reach my fingers through your heart
 I'll tear it out and rip you apart.
 My magic plays in every word
 Insufferably, I'm never heard
 You mock my mind
 And yet you speak,
 of killing everyone who's weak.

-Anonymous



-David Cao

The twinkling stars
Reflection of who we are
Or what we become
-Zara Trafton

Dark and gloomy sky
Oh how i hope it will rain
Then i see the sun
-Jordan Zinter

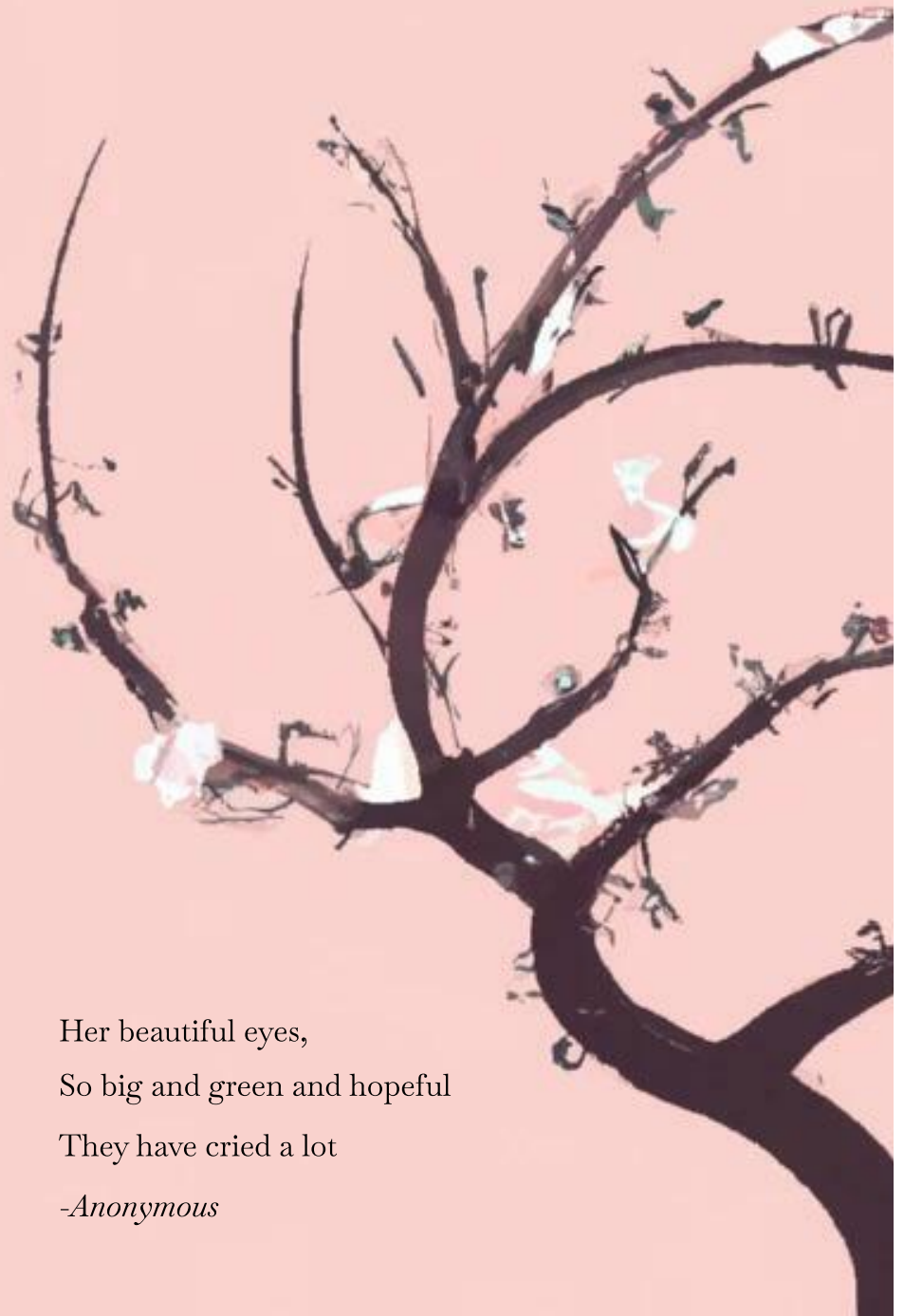
The sky speaks to me
The ground holds me as I walk
I am one with you
-Avery Kestner

Blood is on my hands
Punishments are not scary
But whispers spook me
-Sandro Bazan

The stars will shine from
A heavenly sky to beam
On our sinful town
-Eliana Avitia

Robins wintering
In Santa Fe. Loud, rowdy,
Feathered frat party.
-Jenny Wheeler

Her beautiful eyes,
So big and green and hopeful
They have cried a lot
-Anonymous



The flower blooms now

Birth of a new spring infant

Bids new life welcome

-Caleb Penrose

A solemn bird dies

During the night a wave cries

She weeps to darkness

-Ananda McCall

The holidays are

A time to give and be kind

And to be selfless

-Jillien Rendon

Tan lines. Time flies. When

It's you and me at the beach

Lost in the sea's breeze

-Addyson Combs

We gather as one

To gab, and chew, and gossip,

And call it "just lunch."

-Anonymous

Rivers behind bars

Your dull face blinds innocence

You love your stray dog.

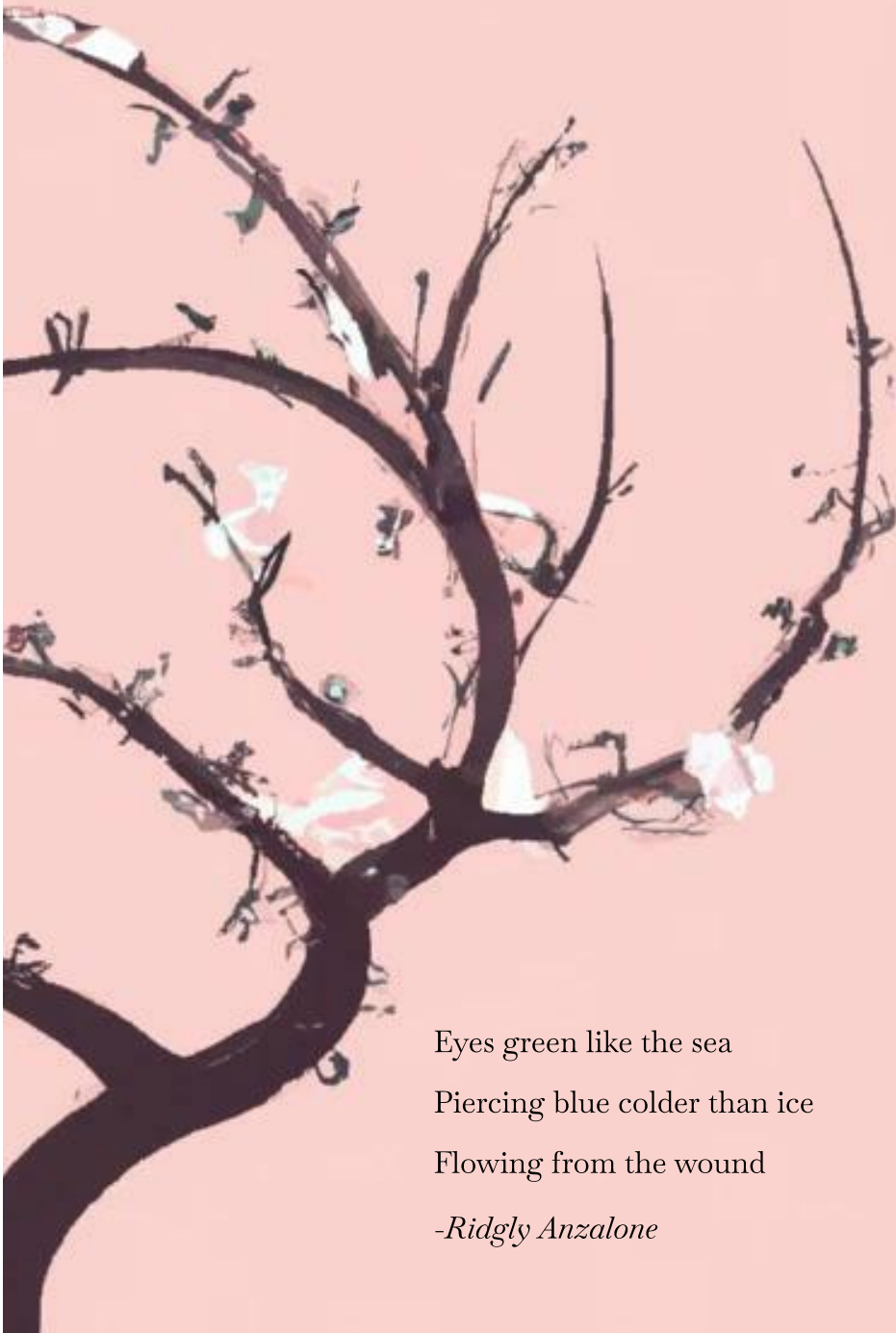
-Ashley Rose

Eyes green like the sea

Piercing blue colder than ice

Flowing from the wound

-Ridgly Anzalone



Eat a lifesaver
 Sitting; observing something major
 As serial surroundings waver
 And society change her
 Into a conflicted screen saver
 On paper
 Looking wonderful
 But beneath the screen save her
 From a greater pull
 Negativity on her plate make her full
 Full of nonsense
 And the imminence
 Of women in
 A mind game played for her
 Played against her for the demise
 Of a child's eyes
 Vibrations of evil cause her to realize
 No matter how hard she tries
 Men will formalize
 Each interaction as a fraction
 Of a larger contraption
 Contracting captions
 Defined by a word
 Confined by the herd
 Each voice is blurred
 And made incoherent
 Made equivalent
 By the belligerent
 Men
 Who are scared of the different
 Blessed with the ignorant
 Pleasure of indifference
 -Cedar McCall



-Ryder Tregembo



-Ryder Tregembo

The wilted rose along their hand
Fitting too close to you and I
Don't like closets
But you made the living room and
Unshared space

-Finn Forsyth



-McKenzie Richardson-Zadra

My words continue to betray me
When I try to talk they all seem gone
Bound to these shackles longing to be free
Now you hang from my lips like the
Gardens of Babylon
When I speak nothing comes out
When that happens I start to pout.

-Anonymous



-Kassia Ohlsen

I feel as if time is faster
The sun escapes me
The clouds continue faster now
Everything is just out of my reach
I can not grab moments of peace
Or I will miss something important

-Liam Andrews



-Kassia Ohlsen

The amazing cafeteria burrito
Brings light into my life
It's way better than a Cheeto
And you can cut it with a knife
I dream of its contents at night
And I await it in the dawn
I am gonna take a big bite
Now you hang from my lips like
The Garden of Babylon.

-Anonymous



-Liana Nawarskas





-Camila Chavez

I was 6 years old when I fell in love with a cloud

I looked up to the sky from my old metal park bench to see the most beautiful, fluffy, white cloud

I stood up to get a better view, but I noticed she was slowly drifting away

Like a little paper boat in a river

I begged the cloud to stay, but she just kept floating away

I started to cry

I cried until my tears blurred out the world

And a puddle formed at my feet

I don't cloud watch anymore

I was 9 year old when I fell in love with the moon

Her beauty and her light were hypnotizing

And I stayed up late every night just to see her shine

But everyday she looked a little skinnier, a little thinner, a little dimmer

I begged the moon to not hurt herself anymore

But she just kept on getting thinner and dimmer

Until one day she wasn't there at all

And I cried

I cried until my stomach hurt and my arms ached

I cried until an ocean formed and swallowed me whole

I don't look at the night sky anymore

I was 11 years old when I fell in love with a girl

She was tall and funny and kind

And when I was with her it felt like the world melted away

And I loved her

I really did

But slowly she started to flutter away

Like a bee looking for another flower to pollinate

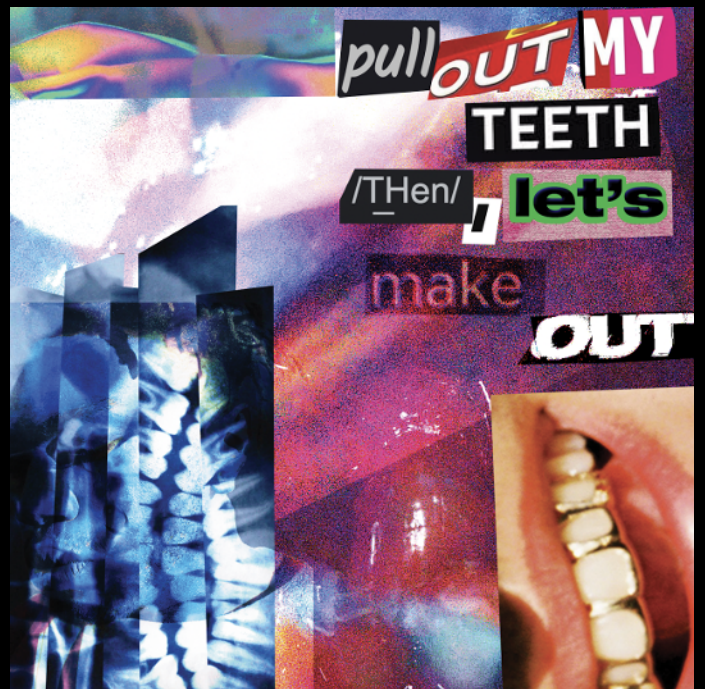
She stopped eating lunch with me
And eventually she stopped talking to me
Unlike her, my love didn't fade, it just hurt
But I didn't cry
I tucked my tears away deep inside and I promised myself I wouldn't love anybody that much ever
again so nobody could hurt me that much again
And I haven't

I was 13 years old when I fell in love with the world
I fell in love with its people, its art, its beauty
I feel in love with its oceans and cities and towers
And I was so happy that everyday I got to wake up and live in it
But slowly, like a ringing in my ear, getting louder and louder
I realized its faults
I saw its poverty
Its wars
Its inequality and hurt
The little bag of pain that every person carries around
But the world didn't leave me like the cloud, the moon, and the girl did
The world just stood there
Waiting
The steady pace of time, ticking onward
I didn't love the world, but it hurt a little less to just know it would stay

I was 14 years old when I realized that I don't think I'll ever understand how to love
Or how much to love a person
Or how to help them when they're hurt
Or how hurt I should feel when they leave

I don't think I'll ever fully understand what love is

-Sofia Shriver



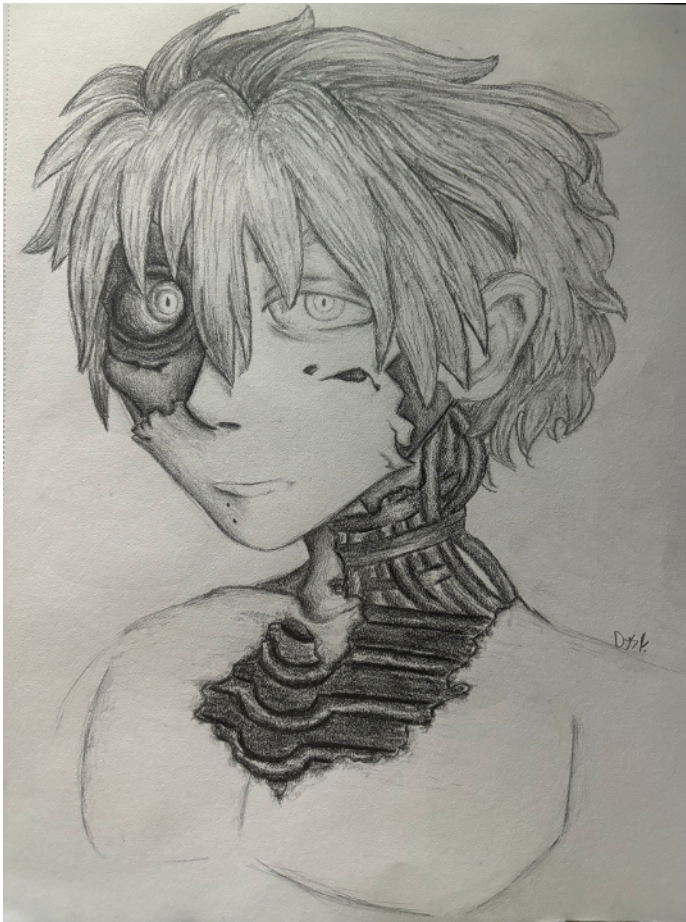
-Ryder Tregembo



-Mila Lensi



-Augustine Jackson-Miller



-Dys Romero

"iLove You"

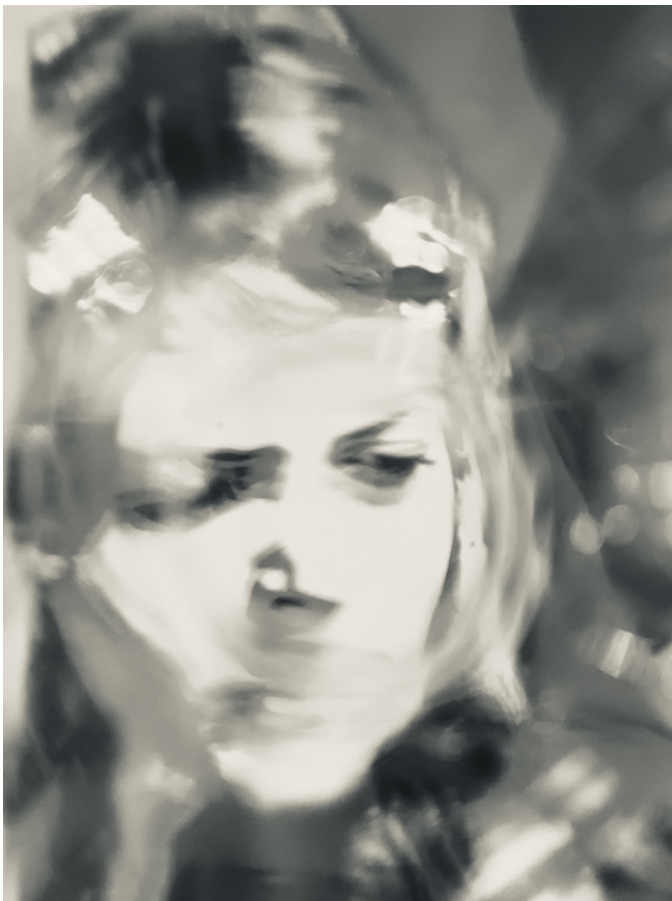
I light up when I see you
The beauty of your soft glow
Of you I wish there was two
Without you my life moves slow

Your always willing to talk
With you I am never alone
You have my heart on lock
You are my everything, my iPhone

-Sophia Dineen

"At the end of the rainbow"

I wish we were just seen as two people
Who love with devotion
But looking down from the steeple
Our love causes commotion



-Ryder Tregembo

Why can't we love aloud
At night I lay with guilt
I wish I could hold her hand in a crowd
And be proud of the love that we've built

-Anonymous

"i like ur face"

that was the text i sent
probably impulsively
but it felt
right.
you kind of feel right.
i hope that's okay.

- formal apology for being weird

-Lola Yarrington

"I'm Sorry"

I'm sorry I can't love you in the way you want me to
And I'm sorry I took it seriously
All the plans we made
I'm sorry that I can't view you as just a friend
I'm sorry that I've been in the middle of every relationship you've had
But that makes me think you feel it too
You wouldn't have broken up with people
To spend more time with me
If there wasn't something there
And you can deny
But I know
And I think you do too
We could love entire galaxies into existence if the universe would permit it
You and I walk a fragile line
Friends or...
Maybe something more?
I'm sorry I can stop bringing it up
I know it's not what you want
Right now at least
Well that's what you said
I'm sorry I haven't been able to get over it
But hell if I haven't gotten really good at pretending
All I want is for you to be happy
And comfortable
If that means I leave you alone forever
That's fine
Because I know that even if I never see you again in this life
We'll find our way back to each other in the next one
Because you're my soulmate
And I'm sorry
-Mo Moya

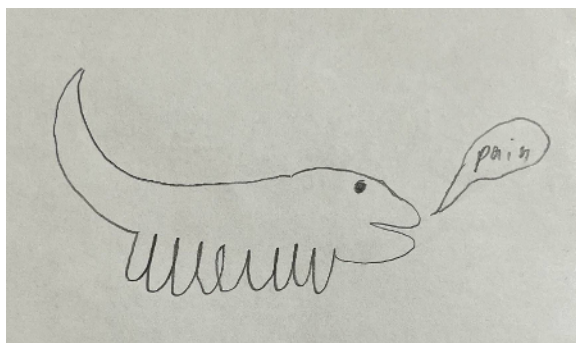


-Kate Henderson



-Ivy Krehoff

Chernobyl lizard
Lizard had a big oopsie
And now has nine legs



-Henry Eaton and Derek DelCampo

A girl was writing poetry. She wrote as many lines as she could. Her poetry took the form of many things. The things twisted, coiled, and turned the page. Every word was unique and different. The words were living things. They sprang from her mind onto the paper. She couldn't get the words out fast enough. She twisted the paper. Her pencil created black art on a white canvas. Her mind created black art on a white canvas. She wrote and wrote and wrote. She wrote as if her life depended on it. Her life was it, it being the poetry that sprang from her. The poetry that was her. The artist created twisting, coiling art unique to herself. Every word spun out from the pencil onto the paper as fast as her mind could form the things. She spun black art onto a white canvas. She spun herself onto a white canvas. A canvas filled with words, filled with lines. She wrote out the lines of her life, formed from living a black-and-white life. The artist turned the pencil on the white paper. The twisted, coiled artist writing twisted, coiled, black lines. The girl of black and white poetry.

-Lucy Tyroler

"the time that is now gone"

time doesn't wait
I go into the land of pirates
and princesses
filled with joy and imagination
of a little kids' dreams
then
it's quiet
and I look at it
of what used to be a castle
is now just rotting wood
I still see myself
a part of it
with it
and
I have to leave it
what used to be large and grand
for me
doesn't even fit me anymore
it's frightening to grow up
but you have to
or you're just weak and not strong
enough to do it by yourself
a little girl with not a care in
the world who just wants
five more minutes
a ghost is still with it
forever and always

-Analisa Durán



-Bryana Lujan

Funions, Fritos, pie
My mother she calls no more
My father now cries

-Ananda McCall

The air is cooling
Shimmering breaths in the air
Shining like diamonds

-Hannah Leng

I'll never forget
The thing you said that one night
When the clock struck twelve

-Ava Payne

"la independencia de (puerto rico)"

Sutherland Jaramillo's students translated a poem written by Roque Salas Rivera, an award-winning Puerto Rican poet. Each stanza has been translated by Spanish 3 students, and their names appear after their work. Below is the translation completed by Session 1 students.

**we are more fierce than the melted
snow;
we are bigger than a wagon cemetery;
we are more rabid than the stuck
winds;
we are more immense than the rivers
in the sea;
we are wider than the torn tyrannies;
we are more tender than the roots
with the earth;
we are more tender than the rain in
the moss;
we are more tender than trembling of
the downpour;
we are stronger than the plaster
border years
(the structure of a building
throughout the years remains strong);
(Saxon Proffitt, Josiah Lieb)**

**we are more brave than the pain over
and over;
we are more beautiful than the
universal monarchy;
we are more loved than the American
dream;
we are more rich than the ports that
they stole;
we are enslaved by the federal
government;**

**we are more tough than the armed
gods;
we are more than the bare minimum
and more and more than the true
better.
we are good enough alone.
(Josh Riordan, Trevor Nguyen)**

**we don't owe anybody
embarrassment.**

we don't owe anybody smallness.

**they speak on our lives for centuries
and even though we are connected**

**from the youngest to the oldest,
we are the most but feel like the least
but we are very little compared to
most,
but we are more than they say,
and more than they imagine
and growing more every day
we have imagination.**

(Michael Romero, Remedios Butcher)

**we have knowledge of countries
they join in strike against themselves**

**they miss their importance and insides
in their past.**

**we are tied together by location,
different races than the rest
what ties the world together
they have been punished**

**expand their traditions.
we are the calculation
that touches rock bottom.**

**we are strong as our own nation,
we still hold the culture close to us
where before they collected crusades.
(Elias Hanlon, Cole Updegraff, Gabby
Sauerman)**

**it is said that we are faithful to the
land
that is dead and that the government
controls.**

**we are arrogant in some places
and modest in others.
because of this we keep living and
growing**

**in the buildings that we construct,
we take care of the kids,
while we complete massive amounts of
applications**

(Sofia Carrillo, Ella Schaller)

**and all of us are independent,
until the colonization has no more fear;
until everyone spreads the word;
until an act of change is made we are
only an island;
until we make them see us,
the people join together,
to build something new,
when we get there,
we will arrive running
sending out supplies (to start over).**

(Cate Broderick, Jack Aragon)

**don't fear us.
we live a life of fear
as you take everything
and watch us without seeing
that we are beautiful.**

(Jonah Gutow, Seth Cordova)

"The Songbird"

The feathery feeling of flight swoops through my stomach and around my lungs, with a tickle of something new as I breathe in the fresh scent found only above the clouds. The mist of the night fills the seamless sky that glitters with a million stars burning high above this world that I call my own. The wind whistles as I glide with its current in a graceful frenzy thousands of miles above the bottomless sea below me. My voice cries out in a melody so pure that it seems the moon's symphony has held its breath just to hear me sing. A shot is fired. The hater is back. He hates my song and the swoop of my wing as I glide in the night. Another shot. Barely missing my wing I feel the bullet fly past with the speed of light and the heat of fire. The scent of death hints with the smell of metal meshed into a single shot that was aimed at those like me. A third shot strikes the tree I just passed, leaving a smoldering hole in its once pale bark. I call out a warning to the rest of the forest. To the rest of the singers and dancers and fliers like me. Then the fourth shot rings. It's always the fourth shot. I feel pain and the ground as I plummet and roll among the dirt. My song had ended abruptly. My death however, is ritardando. Being stretched out and pulled painfully as the hater stands above me in glee. But I open my beak and keep singing. My wheezing melody is joined by my brothers and sisters before my neck is snapped into by the hater. The hater hoists me up to the sky in triumph and doesn't realize they have just set me free. I can now soar and dance in the clouds and sing my tune with no more haters to fear. No reason to run. The hater may have shot me down, but then lifted me up without knowing: I can now sing the song with no end. So thank you hater, for shooting me down and watching me suffer, and listening to my final call before snapping my life in two. Thank you hater, for hating me. 'Cause now I am free, and far from you.

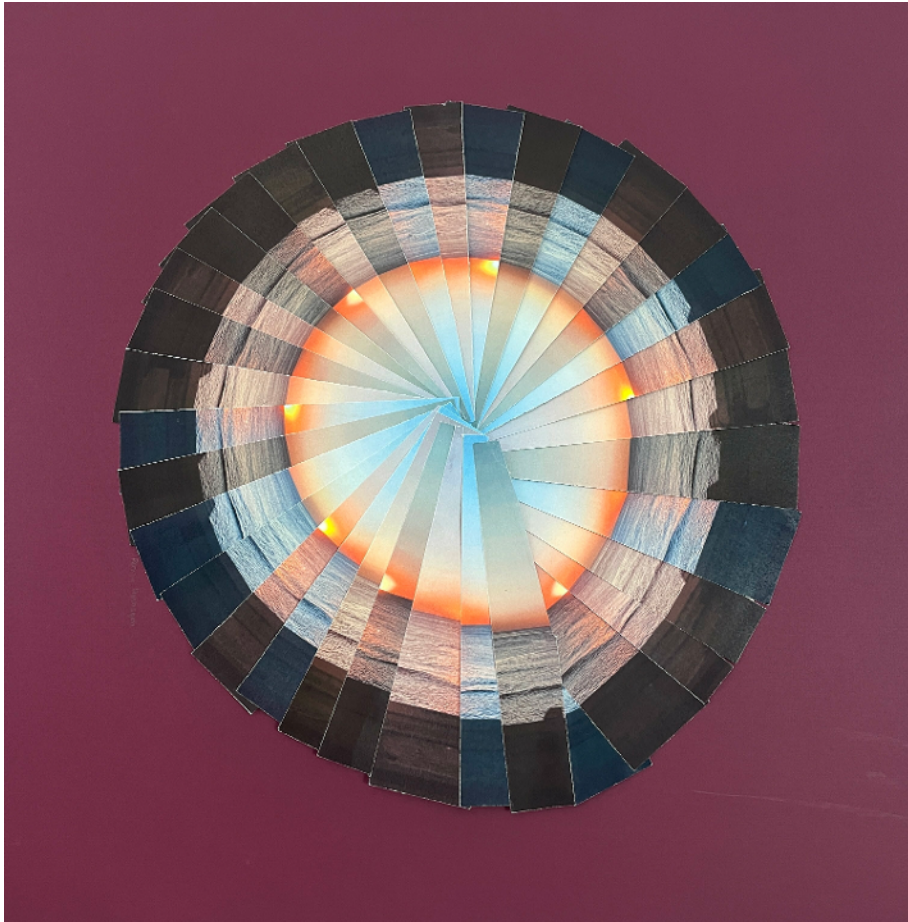
-Katya Ivanchov



-London Ackerman



-Camila Chavez



-Penny Hashagen

Some jellyfish
Are immortal
Through their story,
The Greeks could
Live on.
Whole species will die out.
Before my plastic water
Bottle,
Decomposes.
-Anonymous



-Liam Andrews

Our love was like an island
Truly beautiful
My heart a volcano
Burning all the hate away
But now my eyes leak acid rain
On the pillow where you used
To lay your head
-Olivia Hanosh



-Liana Nawarskas

"Sonder"

There it is, that funny feeling
 You see the man across the street
 His eyes are fleeting
 You see the woman in her chair
 A boisterous voice throughout the air
 What do you call the realization that you make
 when you're no longer alone

In your cup the coffee sits
 Sugar, milk a bit of cinnamon
 But next to her the same cup is
 Your life a copy on her skin
 Do you ask enough?
 Where did it begin?
 And where it might all end?
 And what do you call the feeling
 When your heartbeat beats the same as anyone's

When there isn't much
 No more than your constant cycle
 And you grasp the thought of more
 A dance, a song, a late night drive
 Can you break it for a moment? and find the beat
 See it as more than one
 And hear it as many
 The cacophony of voices, the music of silence
 and the whisper of sound

What's the word
 That describes it all, the realization
 the hope
 the rhythm of the world
 What do you call
 The underwhelming notice
 That no one has ever been the only one

-Olivia Maria Chavez

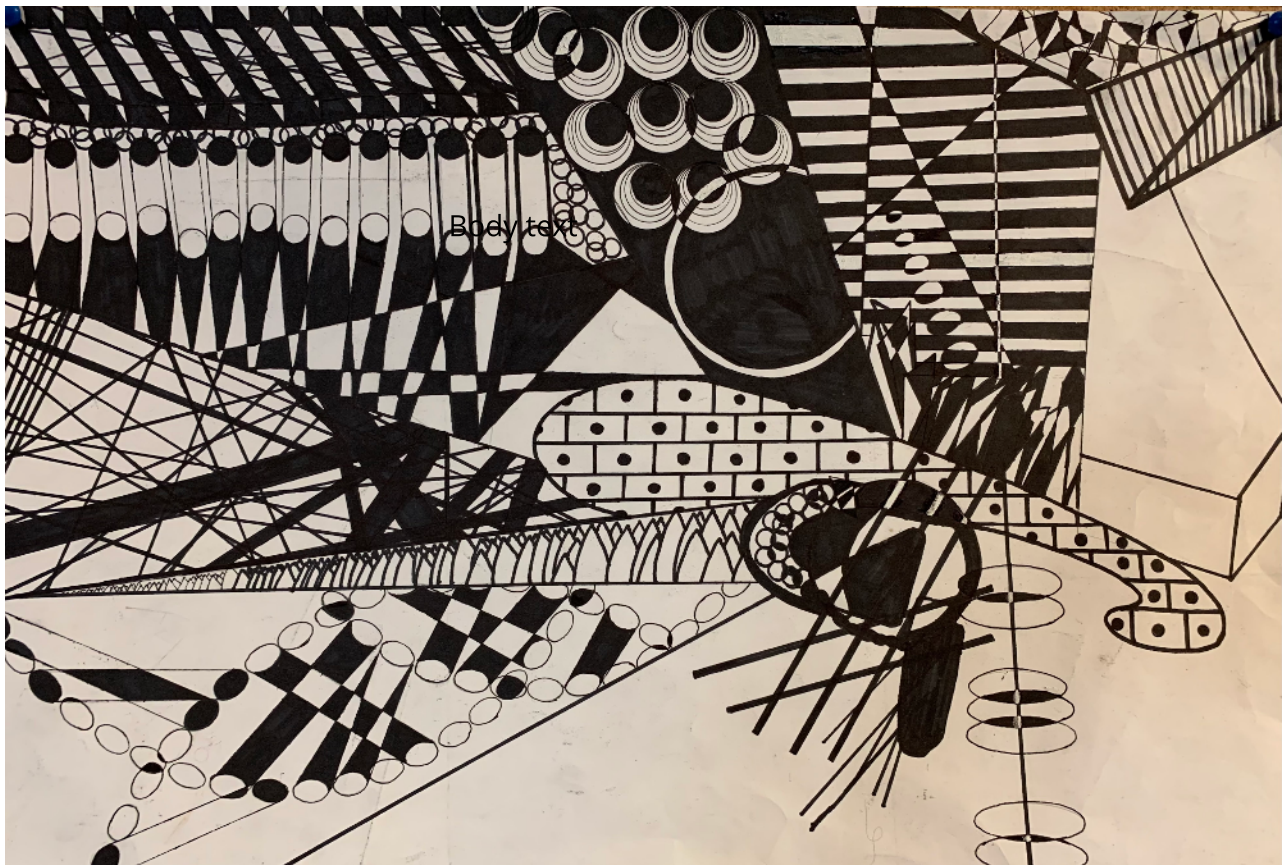


-Kaylin Rodriguez

"I got asked to be a valentine today"

Do you know how sad that is?
 I spent today excited because someone
 asked me to be theirs
 To let them own my heart and in
 exchange
 I own theirs.
 The worst part is when I picked my
 outfit today
 I realized they won't see it.
 Wanna know why?
 Because I don't get to see them.
 Not for a while, maybe a long while.
 I got asked to be a valentine today
 And instead of smiling, I cried
 On the inside.

-Savannah Lawrence



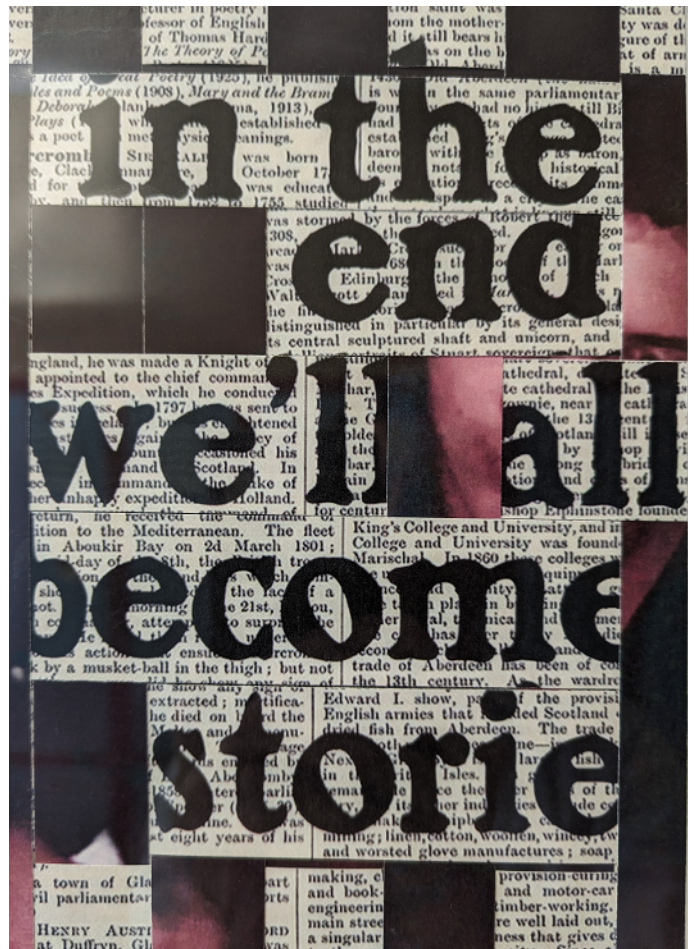
-Eliot Treme

Why can't I just get you a lollipop?
 When did it become flowers and chocolate and
 blah blah blah
 Why can't I go to the grocery store
 And get power puff girls themed valentines?
 When did we stop expecting valentines in
 decorated tissue boxes?
 When did love become a thing wasted on the
 wealthy
 Why does it matter if I bought you flowers?
 I wrote you a poem on a cereal box
 I filled it with pencils and Hershey's
 Why is my love something trivialized by how much
 money I spend
 Poetry is free
 This is the way I convey my love
 There are pages and pages of poems
 Hastily written in my notes app
 Casually scrawled on napkins
 And the back of receipts
 At the shitty diners we used to go to
 You'd leave them on the table
 To be thrown away by waitresses
 Without a second glance
 And though poetry is free
 The flowers you bought me
 Will never have as much emotional significance

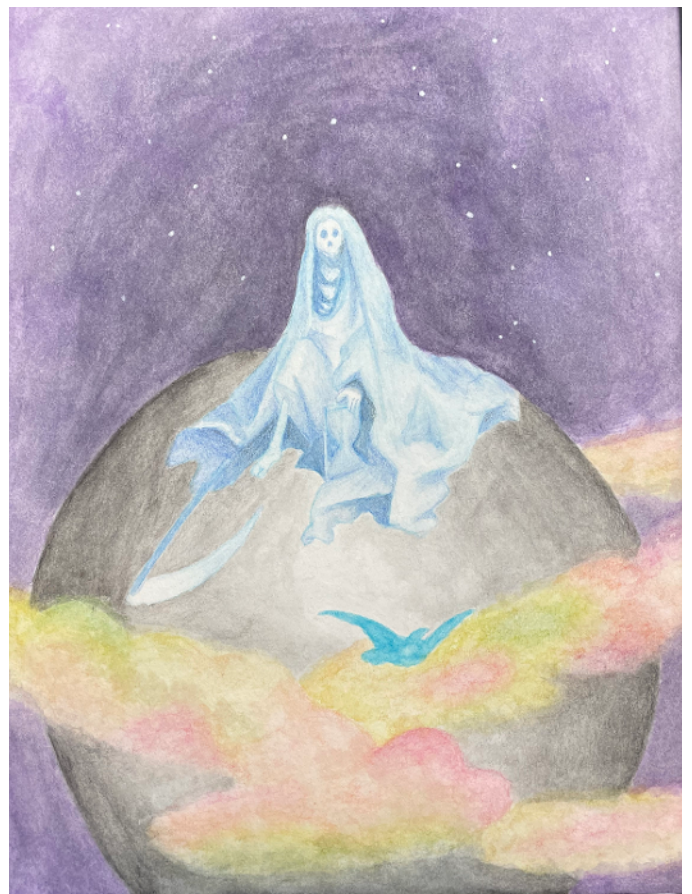
-Mo Moya

A bird on a tree
 Enjoying life by itself
 Watching the day fly

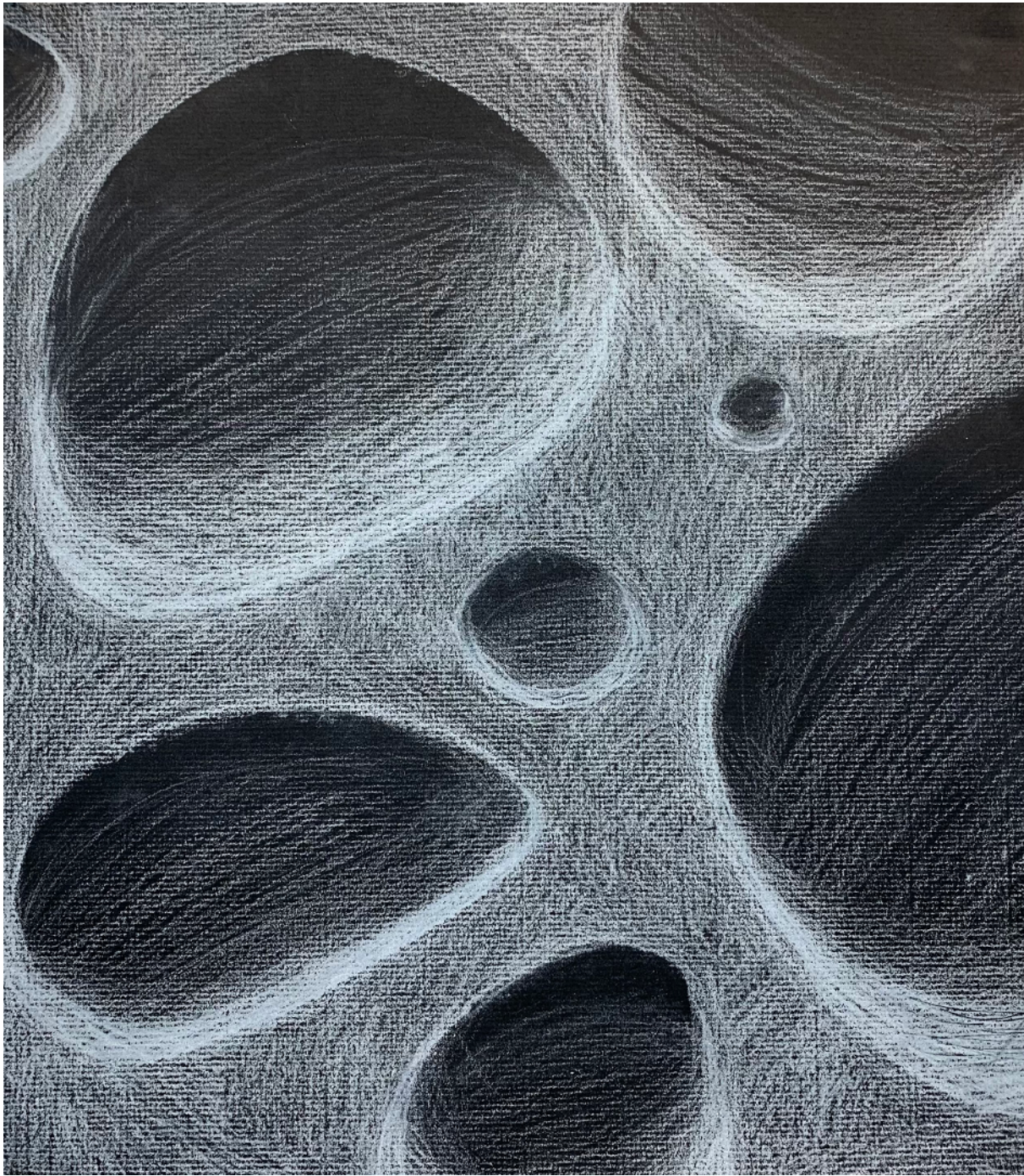
-Cassidy Rau



-Duke Sanchez



-Ridgly Anzalone



-Delaney Stroud

To love someone is to be fragile. Darling, let me lie in your arms and hold me tight. This Autumn, I have no sweater to keep me warm in this crisp breeze. The leaves will fall onto my face and the drying grass pokes my back.

I left a piece of my soul in the bed that we shared. I think I'll leave it there for as long as I still dream of the brush strokes that made your eyes so alluring. I was so young and my heart is growing around this knot that I struggle to unravel. What I mean to say is that I miss you.

I loved you in Autumn, you kissed me in Winter. That bitter cold. It's Autumn again, my hands shake a little, and all I could tell him is that it'll be alright. It's okay to cry everyday if you need to. My feet are cold even with socks on. I'll watch the leaves fall as I eat KitKats — oh to be fragile.

-Ryder Tregembo

"Black Combat Boots"

"Jane! Honey! You're going to be late for school!" Mom grabs hold of the cold, steel door knob and gives it another futile twist.

"Come on Jane! It's the first day of a new semester, baby! You want to make a good impression, don't you?" Mom received only silence.

She began knocking on the door using their secret knock—bum, bum-bum, bum, bum-bum. Then she placed an ear up to the cracked-paint and listened in vain.

"Would you just open the door, Jane? Jane, I mean it! Open this door!"

From the other side of the wood divider, I looked into the mirror. It was clouded with steam from the hot running water that was emptying out into the sink. I couldn't see my messy bun or my favorite worn-out black t-shirt staring back at me. I only saw him.

"Jane! I'm warning you. Don't make me count! *One! Two! Thr—*"

The door swung open, millimeters away from Mom's pointed nose, letting some of the steam escape with it.

I ran to my room and slammed the door behind me, followed by mom's pestering questions about whether I was aware that I was ruining my life by leaving the house only an hour before the first period started.

I sat down on my bed and began lacing up my black combat boots. He had always loved my combat boots; said they made me look even more beautiful. He liked me in them. He liked me.

It had been too cold to wear high heels that night. I was already in a strapless dress with frigid goosebumps for sleeves and he was kindly waiting outside my bedroom door in his well-fitted tux, holding a blue hydrangea corsage. He never forgot that blue hydrangeas were my favorite flower. I decided to ditch the heels and instead put on my purple slipper socks to match my deep violet dress. I grabbed hold of the cold steel door knob and started to give it a gentle twist when I remembered I wasn't wearing any shoes at all. I decided to wear my black leather combat boots, since they were my only other option besides my red Converse, and I sat down on my lavender bedspread and began meticulously lacing them up.

I was in the middle of double-knotting my second boot when I suddenly heard it—a faint sound in the distance that seemed as if it needed to be known. It was a sort of pounding and it was coming closer. It was getting louder. He heard it too because he started pounding on my door. Rapping his knuckles on the chipped blue-painted wood. Yelling, "Jane! Jane!—"

"Jane! If you don't open this door right now, I swear I will break it down!"

If I could, I'd yell back to her that I would open the stupid door right after I put on my boots.

My Boots.

His favorite combat boots.

I sat down on my bed and took ten deep breaths just as the counselor taught me. I shook out my shaking hands twelve times and proceeded to do my six collar bone taps to calm down my racing pulse.

I got all the way to my third collar bone tap this time when my eyes suddenly caught something across the room. I stood up, dizzy and exhausted, and cautiously walked towards it. It was our picture, so familiar and yet so foreign. He in his rented tux and me in my old purple dress. I held it up so I could examine it closer. I thought about my date with him tomorrow at three. Then the pounding began again.

I grabbed his sweatshirt out of my closet and pulled it over my head. Then I walked towards my door and opened it to see my mom's weary red eyes looking back at my own.

"Ready sweetheart?" she asked earnestly. I gave no answer. For there were no words I had left to give.

I grabbed the two-thirds empty box of Cheerios from the top shelf of the steel pantry rack that sat in the middle of the kitchen, and then shoved myself into the back seat of Mom's 1970 olive green Ford.

"Do you have your backpack? Lunch box? Books? Phone? Jacket in case it gets chilly later? White board? Markers?"

I nod and stare at my fingertips as she reverses out of our driveway onto 2nd Street.

I remember the first night he reversed out of our driveway with me in the passenger seat of his car. It had been our first official date. He picked me up at seven and drove us to the Stardust Theater three blocks down. He told my mom that he would bring me back home no later than 9:30 and he honored that promise. Every time we went to the movies, he let me pick the movie as long as I let him pick the snacks. He always bought my favorite snacks anyway—Sno-Caps and Skittles. He laughed, the night of our first date, when I told him I wanted to see *Annie*, but he didn't complain. He held our tickets in his left hand and my candy in his right as he escorted me to my seat like the gentleman that he was. The movie started and soon the song "Tomorrow" began to blare from the speakers. Halfway through the song, I playfully reached for a handful of his popcorn, knowing that he would try to protect his snack from intruders at all costs. But at the same time that I reached for his popcorn, he reached for my hand, and ended up forfeiting his salty, buttery snack to hold it. It startled me in a good way and I desired to hold onto the feeling forever, but in the same instant in which he grabbed my hand, he let it go.

I looked down at my fingertips, still covered in butter from holding his hand, and was examining them in a confused sort of shame when suddenly something warm wrapped itself around my shoulders. It was him wrapping his favorite sweatshirt around me.

"Your fingers were so cold. I couldn't just let my girl freeze. Now could I?"

My cheeks caught on fire in that instant and the ice crystals that had apparently encased my skin for the first half of the movie melted away as he took hold of my hand again until the end credits.

On our way home, he started serenading me with his terrible, off-key version of "Tomorrow," and I just loved it. He only knew two lines of the song but they were the best two lines I had ever heard being sung in my entire life. "Tomorrow, tomorrow, I love ya tomorrow, la-da-da-di-da-da-dah. Tomorrow, tom—"

"Tomorrow? Right honey? It's tomorrow at three o'clock so make sure you let your teachers know you have to leave at 2:30. Alright? Have a great day sweetheart and I'll be here to pick you up at three o'clock on the dot. Okay?" I nod and pick up my white board. "Don't be late now. I love you so much honey." I slam the car door.

.

Walking through the stark white school halls is sort of like walking into an insane asylum. Everyone looks at me as if I belong in one. Everyone thinks they know why I'm the way I am but they don't hear the pounding. They never saw what happened.

I walk to my locker—lucky number 13. I turn the dial with my quivering left hand. *17-27-33*. It opens as a folded piece of paper falls from the burnt red metal shelf onto the cold ground in front of my feet. I put my whiteboard down and bend over to pick it up. I unfold the lined paper to see a drawing of me, handcuffed to a chair with duct tape over my mouth. I rip the poor representation of me in two and stuff both scraps in my backpack along with my Chemistry textbook. I looked for him as I entered the Chem room. Today the seat next to mine is empty and looks ordinary except for a little scribbled-on heart with the letters *J+D* drawn in the center of it in Sharpie. I remember the night he had permanently drawn the same symbol on me.

We had been at a Friday night football game for two hours already when he pulled out his pen, pulled up my sleeve, and drew our mark on my puny right bicep. I then expertly stole the permanent ink out of his grasp and drew the same mark on his massive left arm.

"There. Now we will be together forever. If that's what you want? Is that what you want Jane? Because I can make that happen. Would you like me to? Jane? Jane?—"

"Jane? Is that what you want? Because if you don't even try to participate I am not against sending you to the office."

The memory fades away from my conscience just as I get a shiver traced onto my tattoo—*our* tattoo.

"Now Jane, can you please tell me what the thirty-third element on the Periodic Table is?"

I grab my white board and scribble "Arsenic" as a roar of whispers arises around me.

The bell rings in my ears and everyone leaves the halls to either throw footballs or put on their cheerleading costumes to cheer for those throwing footballs.

Luckily, since I was part of neither group, three o'clock was my favorite minute of the day because I got to be alone in the white hallways for ten seconds with him.

Ten kisses, nine smiles, eight winks, seven *I love yous*, six hand holds, five goodbyes, four more kisses, three hugs, two *I miss yous*, and one *until tomorrow*.

The countdown ends and he walks away smirking. Then, my phone rings right on time.

"Hey honey! I'm right outside the doors. See you soon. Love you. Bye."

I slid into the olive green car and waited while Mom held my white board as I buckled my suffocating seat belt. I take my board back from her and start drawing *our* mark. J+D surrounded by two connected curved lines to make a heart. My heart begins to pound.

"Hon, who's D? Is he a boy at school that you like? Do I know him?"

I search Mom's eyes for sarcasm but there is none. Mom searches my eyes for the answer to my joke but she sees only longing and countless sleepless nights that have permanently bloodshot my eyes. Permanent. My hand subconsciously goes to my right bicep. I continue to darken the letters on my board.

The next twenty-four hours of my life felt like an eternity without him, but finally I was sitting back in Chemistry next to his chair with only forty-five minutes until I could see him.

At 2:30 I get packed up and head out the front doors of the school to meet Mom. She takes my backpack and board and hands me a black dress and my black combat boots to change into. I take my clothes and walk past his locker to the girls' bathroom where I sit on the floor and meticulously lace up my black leather combat boots. He loved these boots. He loved me.

After what felt like a lifetime, I pulled myself off of the ground, threw my dress over my head, threw his sweatshirt over my dress, and took ten deep breaths.

I turn the handle on the bathroom door. The pounding came back. I close my eyes to tune it out but it doesn't work. It never works. I quickly walk down the lifeless hallway to the car that will drive me to meet the one person who will actually hear what I have to say. I get into the car and watch as my school continues to shrink into nothingness through Mom's streaked back window.

Our date was to be on top of a hill. He told me that I would be able to see the whole world from that spot because it was so high off the normal people's ground.

One time when we had gone to the playground together, he had been pushing me on the swing to see

how high off the ground I could go, and I was screaming because I was afraid of flying off. I told him to stop and he caught the chains until I was only barely swaying between his arms. He steadied me as I stood up from my seat, trying to stop my legs from attempting to give out beneath me, and he asked me what I was so afraid of. I looked into his deep black eyes and said "falling." But he didn't think that was a good enough answer. "Did deeper. What is your deepest, darkest fear Jane?" "Dying alone."

He laughed and then slowly nodded. "Good thing you'll never have to—."

"You have to get out of the car now dear. It's time. Three o'clock on the dot as promised." Mom reaches over me to open my car door and gives me a nod as I turn to begin my ascent up the hill.

A gust of biting wind tried to slice at my cheeks. I checked my watch. It read 3:00.

Then, within the next second, the pounding came. But, this time, I don't try to loosen its grip on me. This time I walk towards it, over the weeds and unpicked dandelions, over stones and pebbles just screaming to be picked up. I followed it to a flat plot of land where scratched up rocks jutted from the earth trying to make finding him like an obstacle course. But I was more than willing to run through it.

I chased the pounding relentlessly but I could never catch up to it, and it wasn't until I thought my heart was going to combust and the cramp in my side was going to eat me alive that I noticed something peculiar about the sound. For the first time since that night, it no longer seemed to want me—to want to kill me. It desired me for something more. Something greater. Something better than being dead.

So I chased it further and further and further until I thought I would fall off the other side of the hill, and then suddenly it just stopped, right in front of a smooth rock and I collapsed with my back against it until I could reclaim my breath.

I closed my eyes and counted to ten to try and slow the pounding inside my own heart. After it subsided a bit, I used the rock I was laying against to hoist me up off of the moist ground.

Then I examined the rock more closely. It was in that instant that the scratches on the rocks registered as words and those words registered as names and the last name on the rock registered as

his. I didn't see what else was written. Maybe it was nothing. Maybe it was everything. I never knew his first name. He was my boyfriend and yet he only gave me his first initial and his last name. He was D. Comers. He was my D and I was his Jane. He was supposed to meet me here for our date ten minutes ago. He was supposed to be—.

I closed my eyes as tightly as I possibly could and took ten deep breaths, shook my shaky hands out twelve times, and tapped my collar bones six times. As I did so, I could hear his footsteps coming towards me. They were as familiar to me as my own. I also heard the pounding. It was him who had been pounding all along. He was the one who always wanted to give me something better, something more, something bigger than this life. It was him. It was always him.

So, with my heart still irregularly beating out of my chest and with every ounce of strength I could conjure up in my body, I snapped my eyes open to read the entire name that was engraved on the rock before me, praying desperately that my eyes were mistaken before my boyfriend reached me.

But they were not.

The stone read, "October 13, 1982—Here lies DEATH B. COMERS."

I raised my eyes from the rock and there staring back at me were those luring black eyes. I had no choice. My soul pounded for something more.

I stepped toward him with my black leather combat boots and he took hold of my cold hand in his, and thus began my next date with DEATH.

-Andie Woodcock



"Counting, This New Year's Morning, What Powers Yet Remain To Me"

The world asks, as it asks daily:

And what can you make, can you do, to change my deep-broken, fractured?

I count, this first day of another year, what remains.

I have a mountain, a kitchen, two hands.

Can admire with two eyes the mountain,
actual, recalcitrant, shuffling its pebbles, sheltering foxes and beetles.

Can make black-eyed peas and collards.

Can make, from last year's late-ripening persimmons, a pudding.

Can climb a stepladder, change the bulb in a track light.

For four years, I woke each day first to the mountain,
then to the question.

The feet of the new sufferings followed the feet of the old,
and still they surprised.

I brought salt, brought oil, to the question. Brought sweet tea,
brought postcards and stamps. For four years, each day, something.

Stone did not become apple. War did not become peace.

Yet joy still stays joy. Sequins stay sequins. Words still bespangle, bewilder.

Today, I woke without answer.

The day answers, unpockets a thought from a friend

don't despair of this falling world, not yet

didn't it give you the asking

Jane Hirshfield (1953 -)

American poet, translator, essayist, and editor

courtesy of The Academy of American Poets

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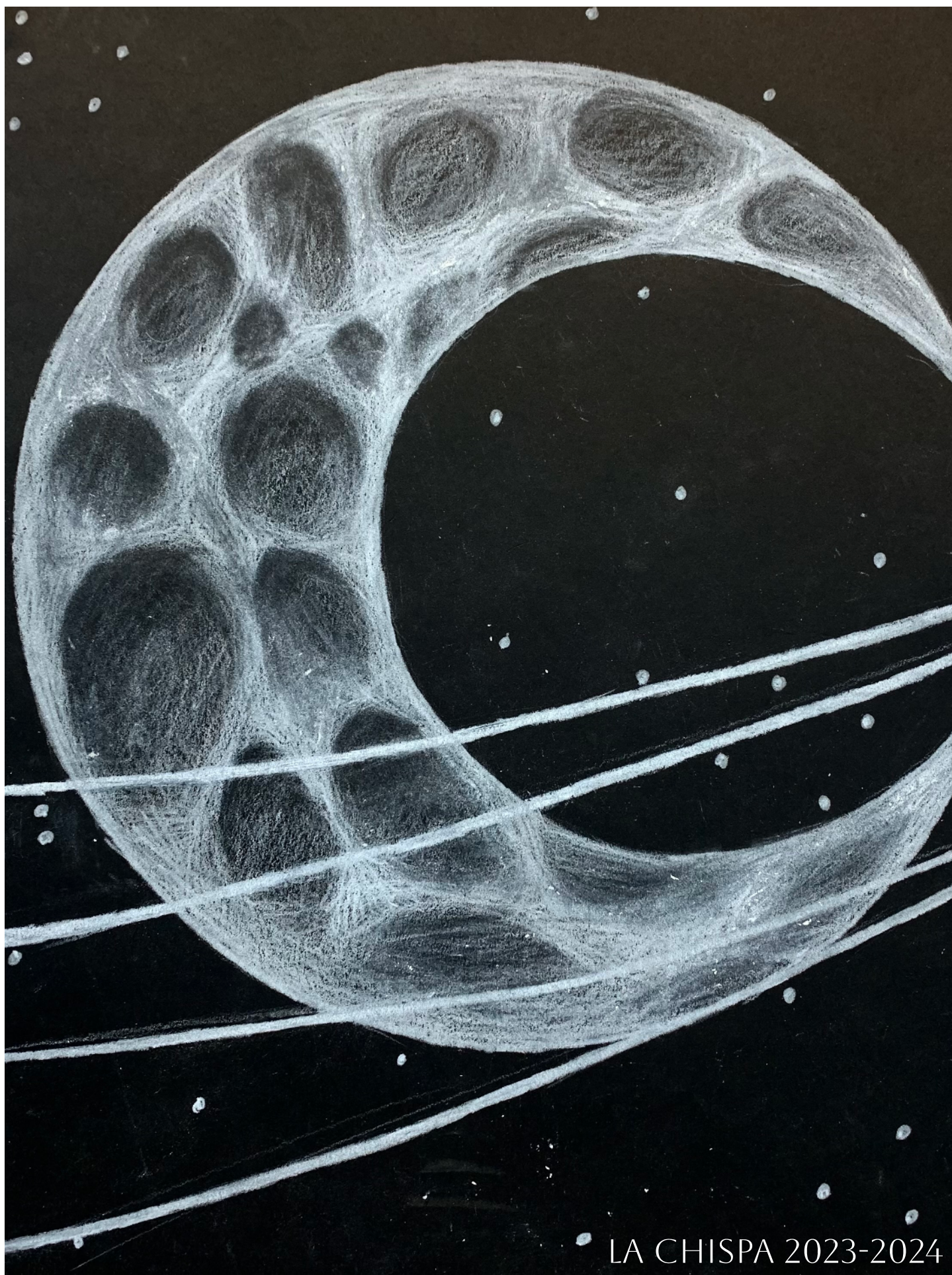
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